

THE REVIEW

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MOTHERS THEN AND NOW

The ancient and the modern mother are two very different beings—the ancient mother was a person whose whole life was devoted to her offspring, regardless of the comforts of any other members of the family. She would fight for her children like a bear would for her cubs, and gave her entire time to her children, often to the neglect of her husband. The modern mother is really a more sane person, for she lives three lives—one part to her husband, one to her children and one to herself, instead of entirely obliterating herself like the ancient mother did. She believes in self culture, self advancement and thought, developed along progressive lines, and is more of a thinking human being; and as a natural result is a better companion to her husband and a better educator for her children; and no amount of consideration and kindness is too great to compensate her for her untiring zeal in assisting to pave the ways that may bring success to them in after years. Men should shield her, the state should help her by every means in its power, for the mothers of the nation are the greatest asset we have; and too often are not given the recognition and assistance they deserve. It is with mothers as it is with other things in life—there is a difference which would require a fine sense of discrimination to properly define.

The mother who spends much of her time at the club or attending social functions and leaves the care of the children to the nurse or governess and neglects the common duties so sacredly placed upon her, is a derelict on the sea of matrimony and a menace to true motherhood; and fortunately is in the minority, but she is a mother just the same and has her place in the great world of mothers.

Then we have the devoted mother who personally superintends the requirements of the children, who feels their every pain, who is ever ready and watchful for their comfort and happiness, and in whom the children place the utmost confidence. Who teaches them at her knee to say "Now I lay me down to sleep."—Mother! Who sees they are safely tucked away in bed and well covered? Mother! When in pain or danger to whom do they appeal? Mother! Who was at the foot of the cross at Calvary? Mother! Who appeals for clemency at a court of Justice for an erring child? MOTHER! Whose tears appeal most effectively and move strong men to action? Mother! Volumes have been written about mothers, but the half has never been told. Age doesn't count to separate the tie that binds in a sacred fellowship of love and devotion which the following little story will tell:

A poor old woman lay upon her sick bed in a close, uncomfortable room, with a little daughter and grand child to take care of her. But who do you think this aged woman called for all the time and longed to have come and nurse her. It was mother, her own mother. "Oh, there is nobody like mother to take care of you when you are sick," she said. A person present asked her how long her mother had been dead. "About fifty years I reckon," she answered. Do you think you will remember your mother's loving care for fifty years? No doubt you will if God spares your life. You may think little of it now but you will then. The woman's children and grandchildren had grown up about her, but her heart reached out over

all that waste of years, to the time she was a child at her mother's knee. It is for mother that the poor boys in the tent, trenches and hospital, called and prayed for when sick and wounded, and laid down to die. There is nobody like Mother to love and care for us. What returns do you make every day for all she has done

for you?

Does your feet run willingly to her bidding as soon as it is known? Do you try to save her trouble and lighten all her burdens? And nothing in this world can do it so effectively as to know that her children are growing up good and noble and useful in the world.



THE MAN AGAINST A NATION

Every once in a while we get down to solid facts, after a careful analysis of conditions as they really are. While things move on normally, while trains run, while telephones work, and the busy crowds in the big office buildings rush up and down in the elevator, and heavily laden ships are leaving our ports every day; folks get married and moon and stars all appear in the regular way—and the world moves on while all these things pursue the even tenor of their ways. How often do we stop to think from whence do all these blessings flow.

We look about and wonder at the great achievements of man; we watch express trains shoot in and out with their ponderous load of one hundred cars and think what a wonderful thing man is.

We see the ocean freighter settling in the water under her great cargo and see the sky reddened with the glare from a thousand blast furnaces; we see crowds jostling against each other in the busy streets, and factories working full time; to meet the demands placed upon them. We see all these things and think they are the real substance and essence of life.

Then we go out in the open and listen to nature's teachings, or some terrible catastrophe—some flood or famine, or war and it upsets the delicate fabric man has raised; and the people in the factories, the big buildings, in the big ships and at the blast furnaces; all scurry away and we are brought face to face with FACTS.

But a solitary figure leaning on a hoe, on a quiet hillside, OUTWEIGHS THEM ALL. How frail seems a sky scraper or a big ship, a tremor of the earth or a charge of an assassin's dynamite and one comes tumbling to the ground. A cigar-shaped engine of destruction and the big ship quivers a moment, and then goes down, and never a whirlpool marks the spot a moment after.

When all else fails, when man-made devices collapse, when war's destructive hand demolishes old landmarks that have stood for centuries then man turns to that which is next to eternal THE SOIL.

SOIL and the MAN go back to the beginning of things; SOIL AND THE MAN ARE THE SOURCES OF ALL WEALTH.

We are stupefied by the figures we read almost every day; of astounding crops and immense shipments to lands that are war-ridden. Then we come to realize that they could not run the war without supplies from us; and the most necessary supplies are FOOD and food comes from the soil.

It is getting down to rock bottom once in a while, that we realize that the man with the HOE and the man at the PLOW are the prime factors in maintaining a nation—he is STRONGER IN REALITY than the LONE MAN ON THE THRONE, wielding a scepter. The man with the hoe is the fellow who stands up strong and bears the burden, atlas-like on his shoulders.

Did you ever realize that the man at the plow has enough money invested to outweigh the capital invested in any other line of business, considered purely economically. The product of the soil rules the world and after all else is swept away—it is to the soil he turns to satisfy his cravings of hunger.

Since the time of Adam; since the half-human ancestors of the race, slew with their club and stone, the

beast of the field and tended their garden patches, it has been HUNGER the first law of nature; self preservation, that has been working out all these years, and has found expression in the structures man is so proud of.

It is the SOIL AND THE MAN that are at the base of all human activity. Look across the wheat field with its standing grain; with its armies of men, with their field artillery—the mower and the binder; then look across the field desolated by war—then you will agree with the man who knew both war and peace, our first great general and president who said "How much more valuable to the undebauched mind is the task of making the most of the earth than any vain glory that can be acquired by ravaging it."

For every opportunity in the industrial and commercial life there are today in the United States, there are two in farming. In forty years or less, our population will nearly double—this will call for more food supplies, and the land that is now waste will, of necessity, be brought under cultivation. As a business it is promising. As a science farming is making rapid strides; it is being applied more widely and with more profit than any other branch of the applied science. Look at the arid deserts of the west which science has made to bloom and bring forth great increase; for what is irrigation and the transportation of dry fields into fertile plains, but the application of science. There is nothing to equal the sturdy independence of the man on the soil. There are some things that cannot be sold; there are some things you can not buy; and THIS INDEPENDENCE IS ONE OF THEM. The American farmer is the REAL TRUE ASSET OF THE NATION. It is at once to his disadvantage and also to his advantage that he is disorganized and unorganizable; also individualistic to the extreme, sometimes to his personal loss. He yet finds in his individualism that originality of thought and persistency of purpose that makes him the nation's backbone. The man in the field behind the plow where he can see the broad acres, has the time for reflection that is denied to the jostled cog in the industrial mill.

They talk about sending a lot of men from the cities back to the soil where they can become independent as farmers. They might as well save their car fare—you can no more make a farmer by turning him loose with a hoe than you can make him a financier by putting him in a bank president's chair. It is not all manual labor—it is not all as many assert, putting certain elements into the earth and taking out certain products.

Farming is not all business, neither is it all manufacturing, nor all science. These things all enter into it. Science shows what can be accomplished when men get in harmony with the eternal. SCIENCE AND BUSINESS CAN NOT MAKE THINGS GROW. Science can not stop the rain from falling nor start it when there is a drought. Science can not ward off an early frost; business can not make farmers of men nor can dollars make things grow. Dollars and business methods are helpful but you can never run a farm like you would a furniture factory. But on the soil you are up against eternal forces and man has mighty little to say about them; but on these eternal forces, the seed-time and the harvest, man is utterly

dependent; and when the man behind the plow stops work and you get no harvest, the wheels of industry turn slow; the money centers make note of it; stocks are governed by it; prosperity is gauged by it, and the whole nation is affected by the results of his activity—as so much depends on him as the earth produces the staff of life, we are dependent on the farmer to furnish it. And any dereliction of duty on his part is seriously felt.

So it is simply a case of THE MAN AGAINST THE NATION.

THAT HOBBY OF YOURS

It is wise to have a hobby. It may be provocative of laughter, but never mind. Your hobby is good for you, however silly another may think it. It is good to have something to keep enthusiasm alive. It matters little what your hobby may be, so it is respectable and holds an interest for you. There must be something to keep the youthful spirit alive. Monotony and dullness of life hasten old age. Get a hobby and nourish it.

We are expecting to receive at least 500 subscription dollars by the 15th of September. Don't fail to let yours count in the total.

Senator R. B. Tillman, chairman of the Senate Committee on naval affairs, had the thrilling experience of going under the water in submarines which he was inspecting in New York harbor.

WORDS FROM HOME

Statements That May Be Investigated. Testimony of High Point Citizens.

When a High Point citizen comes to the front, telling his friends and neighbors of his experience, you can rely on his sincerity. The statements of people residing in far away places do not command your confidence. Home endorsement is the kind that backs Doan's Kidney Pills. Such testimony is convincing. Investigation proves it true. Below is a statement of a High Point resident. No stronger proof of merit can be had.

J. R. Brooks, machinist, 402 S. Hamilton St., High Point, says: "Every once in awhile my kidneys get a little out of order. I take a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills and they never fail to give me relief. My kidneys seldom cause me any trouble now."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. J. R. Brooks had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

NUMBER PLEASE.

You can tell if you are a keen observer who's who. At a watering place all vacationists are not bankers, merchants or professional people, though most of them look it. Keep your eyes open then on an excursion to the fishing banks. It was easy to spot the blonde in the stylish gown, for a telephone girl, because as she was about to land a fine fish—some one called out "Hello!" and she frowned and answered impatiently "Line's busy."

"Cured"

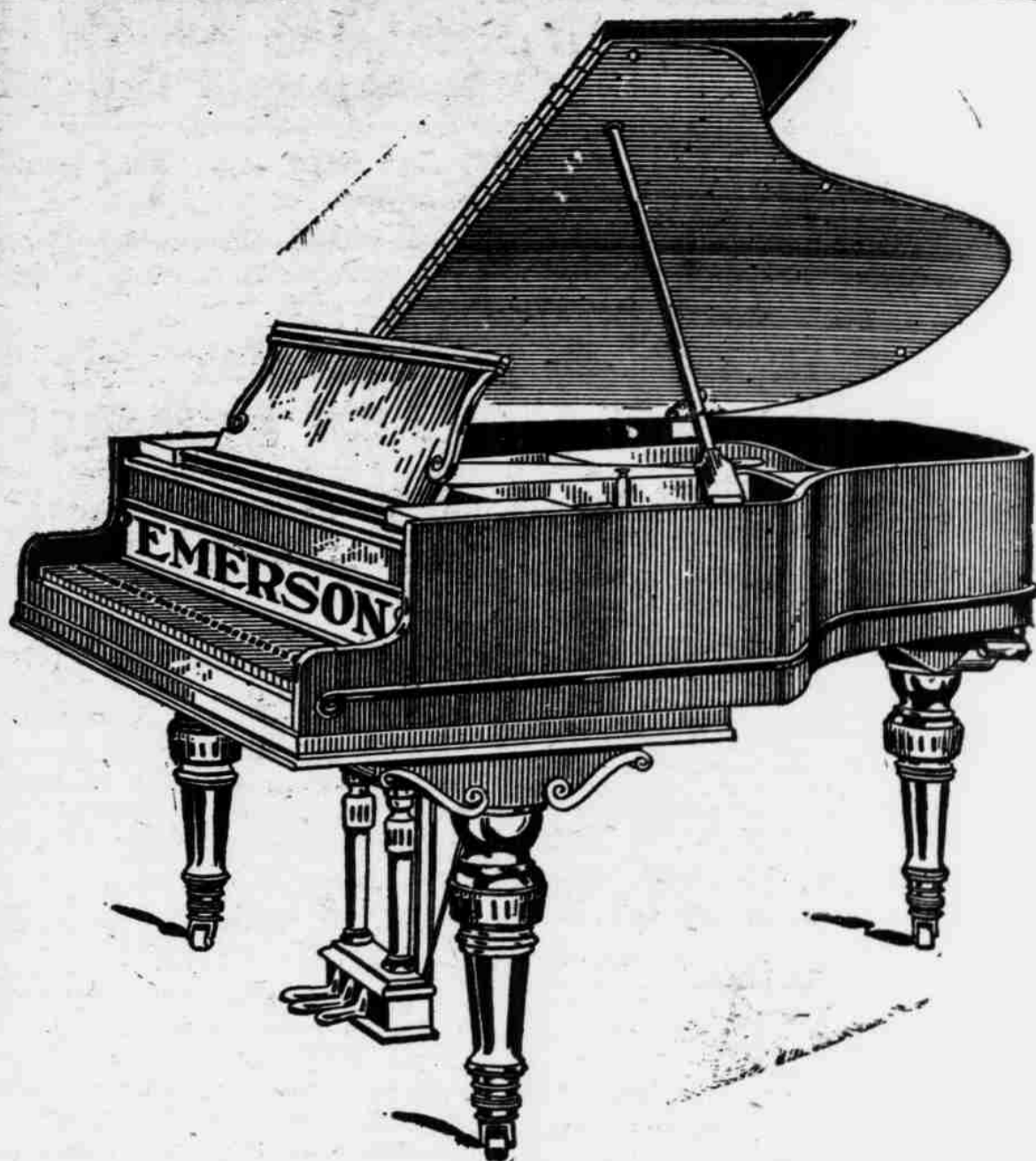
Mrs. Jay McGee, of Stephenville, Texas, writes: "For nine (9) years, I suffered with womanly trouble. I had terrible headaches, and pains in my back, etc. It seemed as if I would die, I suffered so. At last, I decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and it helped me right away. The full treatment not only helped me, but it cured me."

TAKE

Cardui
The Woman's Tonic

Cardui helps women in time of greatest need, because it contains ingredients which act specifically, yet gently, on the weakened womanly organs. So, if you feel discouraged, blue, out-of-sorts, unable to do your household work, on account of your condition, stop worrying and give Cardui a trial. It has helped thousands of women—why not you? Try Cardui. E-71

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